145.

THE PICTURE

Of the first Occasional Conformist (*Job* 1. 6.) Drawn in Little.

Which being hang'd in a convenient place:
Some may, as in a Glass, see their own Face:
And also all the Turncoat Trimming Train,
That can, and will do any thing for gain.

A Picture I must Paint, but yet,
I'm at a loss for one to fit,
That I may draw it just like him,
Who taught True *English* Hearts to Trim.
mean the major part, not all,
or I know some ne'er bow'd to *Baal*,
But always was, and always will,
In spite of Hell, be Honest still.
But yonder stands a pious Crew,
That can serve God and Mammon too.
They're Doctors all, and two I see,
Will do my business to a T—)
The one is of the Civil-Law,
And much like him I am to Draw.
The other is the fam'd *D. B.*
By birth a *S——t*, of *Frogland* free.
They'r Men of Moderation great,
And topping Ministers of State,
Both High and Low C——h-men indeed,
And now I'm fixt, I will proceed:
And as they cross my way, I shall
Bestow a Dash upon 'em all.
And first——
If any wou'd *Tom Double* Paint,
Or *Lucifer* Draw like a Saint,
Then *Janus* like, or like a Scullar,
That one way looks, but Rows another;
So must he Draw that Trimming Tool,
A fauning Courtier, K—— and F——,
All three in one, and then 'twill be
Exactly like to Double *De*,
Who doubly has so play'd his part,
That all sees through his double Heart:
His double Dealing too, and what
Cannot be easily forgot;
And therefore must now take his lot.
That is, with me, he must attend,
And take a turn with his old Friend;
Not *Tal* *d*, but his Grand-sir *De*—
Who unto All, all Things can be:
Whose Picture I'm to Draw at large,
And then I will him quite discharge.
The Task is hard, and yet I must
That Monster paint, or be unjust
To all Posterity, and those
That did Hypocrisie oppose:

And to prevent it did bring in
A Bill, against that damning sin.
But some good Men did think it hard,
That Protestants shou'd be debar'd
Their Christian liberty of Sinning,
Which was not so from the beginning;
For *Adam* had, and so had all
In him, a will to stand or fall:
Free Liberty to act or do
What Inclination prompts us to.
At any time as we see cause,
All this we have by Nature's Laws.
As said my L——d who rules the roast,
And all the rest; I mean the most.
Agreed it was against Free-will,
And therefore cry'd out Damn the Bill.
And some, much like Assembly-men,
('Tis said their Number were twice Ten)
Who with some Learned Men of Note,
Against that honest Bill did vote:
And for to please the Pious Rout,
The H—— of L—— did throw it out.
It past the H—— of C——ns thrice,
And was as oft (by the Advice
Of some, who are too big to name)
Condemn'd, unjustly, to the Flame.
But yet 'tis thought by some wise Men,
That Bill will be brought in again,
In spite of all the Triming Gang,
Who may Occasionally Hang
Together in one String, or Rope,
When disappointed of their hope.
In the mean time I will bestow
A Line or two on High and Low
C—h-men, especially the latter,
Who never did Religion matter;
But on occasion can be what
Some were of old, nor cold nor hot,
But oft Luke-warm, and such, we read,
Were spu'd out of Christ's Church indeed:
For being like that mungril Saint,
In Dogril Rhime, I am to paint.
Because it suits the Subject best,
And this as Prologue to the rest.

OCCASIONAL CONFORMITY

Sprung up from Serpent ſubtilty;
The Seed was in himſelf accurſt,
And from the Devil came at firſt;
For only he can at one time
Act Saint and Devil too, that Crime
Is Hell's great Maſter-piece, as I
Will plainly ſhew you by and by:
For Satan and his Servants all,
Can worſhip Chriſt Occaſional:
And with the Sons of God appear,
Yea, even in the Houſe of Prayer.
His Wolviſh-ſhip he can diſguiſe,
By caſting Miſts before our Eyes;
And ſo appear to humane ſight
No Devil, but an Angel bright.
He'll Cant, Recant, and Squall, and Whine
As lowd as any *S—ch* Divine;
And on occaſion too, ye know
He can Preach up both High and Low
Divinity, at *Rome*, and *Dort*,
And here, when there's occaſion for't.
New Lights diſcover, and, if need,
Own or oppoſe the *Romiſh Creed*;
And that of the Apoſtles too:
But yet, to give the D—— l his due,
He ſometimes is ſo Complaiſant,
He'll call himſelf true Proteſtant;
Preach *pro*, and *con*, and rail at ſuch
As do not like *John Calvin*'s Church:
And juſtifies all People may
Serve God, or Him, in their own way:
And prove it plain, from Scripture ſence,
That Subjects may Depoſe their Prince.
And that 'tis lawful *to do Evil*
That Good may come, That's like the D—l.
And like them to, who ſays that Force
Do give a Right to Crowns in courſe.
And then, as is obſerv'd above,
By dint of Argument he'll prove
Thoſe *Hobbiſt* Principles did come
From *Rome*, *Geneva*, and that ſome
Amongſt our ſelves cannot deny,
But they are Rules they do go by.
But, now I think on't, he has none,
Nor can he yet be brought to own
What he has writ, ſometime ago,
For the High Church, againſt the Low,
And now again againſt the High,
To make her with the Low comply.
Thus can he change and ſhift the Scene,
Be for no C—h, no K —— nor Q——,
Epiſcopacy, nor L—— n Sleeves,
(For that his Helliſh Spirit grieves.)
Yet on occaſion, tho' in ſpite,
He will wear *S —— b* Cloath full as white:
And as it doth his intereſt ſuit,
Will, like himſelf, Write and Diſpute
For all Religions, and for none,
Turn with the Times, and change his Tone
Turn Muſ—— le —— man, or what you will,
Yet all the while a Devil ſtill.
His Malice and his Cloven foot
He can conceal, when hard put to't;
And as he feels our Pulſes beat,
Will promiſe you to make you Great.
Proffer you Crowns and Kingdoms too,
If you'll him Worſhip, as ſome do.
And with ſuch charming Baits we find,
He truely does bewitch Mankind.
As at the firſt he did deceive,
By ſubtilty, our Mother *Eve*,
And *Adam* too, and ever ſince,
By Sin, we loſt our Innocence,
It is the grand Impoſtors way,
To tempt us all to diſobey
The great Command of being Juſt,
That, like himſelf, we may be Curſt.
'Tis endleſs work for to deſcribe
This true Black Saint, and Legion Tribe,
That do attend his call, and wait
Upon that *Hogen* Potentate.
Nor can my Muſe Paint half the Ways
And Means he uſeth now a-days
To carry on the Good old Cauſe,
That Puſs once more may with her Claws,
Claw all them off, that will not be
For Con, and Non-conformity:
For both, and neither, yet for all
The C — h's Congregational;
Or (which is beſt) for none at all:
And then I hope *the Church* will fall,
Says Lucifer, into our Hands,
With all her Tenements and Lands,
As once they did, and will again
In ſpite of her, we call the Q——.
But that's a Secret, yet unknown
To any, but thoſe call'd our own:
Namely thoſe Men of Moderation,
Who are to Settle Church and Nation
Upon a C—— n W—— h Foundation,
Much like the *S—— tiſh* Reformation.
And if we gain our point, we ſhall
Be Lords and Maſters over all
The high-flown Tory, Jacks and Gills,
That would not have us have our Wills:
But mauger all their ſpite, we know
The High muſt truckle to the Low:
And though we lately miſt our Aim,
By means of ſome I will not name,
Yet ſtill we have another Game,
As good as that, though not the ſame.
But we had done our buſineſs then,
But for the high Tantivy-Men,
Who all our Mines did Countermine,
And quite blew up our grand deſign,
Of ſerving Some-body, as Some-
Body was ſerv'd,—— but Mum
For that, that's over now and gon,
And ſo is he that ſet us on.
Yet, in Revenge, 'twas then Reſolv'd,
The Black-Liſt Gang ſhou'd be Diſſolv'd;
And in their room another choſe,
Which wou'd, as many did ſuppoſe,
Joyn with the Low-Church factious Clan,
To ſet aſide the P —— ſs *A* ——:
But now we find it was decreed,
That Helliſh Plot ſhould not ſucceed.
At firſt it put us in a fright,
And many bad our Cauſe good-night:
And ſome their Noddles ſhook, and ſaid,
They were undone, and all betray'd;

Some

Some inwardly did Sigh and Groan,
When Royal *A* —— did mount the Throne:
Which made us all new Measures take,
Becauſe we plainly ſaw our Cake
Was Dough, our Hopes all loſt; and now
O Lucifer, what muſt we do?
He at their Elbow ſtood, and cry'd,
Your wants ſhall quickly be ſupply'd;
Cheer up my Hearts, ſaid he, and go
Unto my L — d —— you know
His name —— it is —— no matter who,
But he'll direct you what to do.
My Heart and Purſe he doth command,
And all Intrigues paſs through his Hand.
He is the Man, and only he
Does Govern all things under me.
The Word is Moderation now,
The Plot is altogether new;
Which he has manag'd with ſuch Art,
The ——, God bleſs —, takes our part,
And almoſt all the B —— ps too;
VVhich does ſeem ſtrange, but yet 'tis true.
But Dr. *B.* that True-blue *S*——*t*,
Does Pray and Preach the L——d knows what;
And *Jehu* like, he now drives on
As ſome did do in Fourty One.
And Dr. *D.* the Poet's Son,
For us has mighty wonders done,
Like *S*——*k* he did firſt Recant,
VVhat formerly he VVrit for want
Of Money to ſupply his need,
And buy his VVife and Children Bread,
VVith which, he being now ſupply'd,
He boldly writes on our ſide.
And doubly knocks all Authors down,
That ſtands up for the Church and Crown.
So does *John Tutchin* and *D*——*foe*,
And Gold will make moſt Men do ſo.
Gold is a Mighty God, therefore
No God, but Gold, they will adore.
'Tis the great Idol of the *D*——*h*,
And *Engliſh* Men do now as much
Adore it, as ſome does the Whore
Of *Babylon*, perhaps much more.
For *Rome*, *Geneva*, aud the Kirk,
May all ſhake hands with *Jew* or *Turk*;
And by the Rule that we go by,
We may with any Church comply;
And they with us, as ſays *Old-Nick*,
Then will High C——h be Catholick.
Himſelf the Head, and ſo we ſhall
Be Members too, Occaſional.
And thus in little, I have Drawn
His Picture, and a L——d in L——n,
And all theirs too that can like him,
For Gain, Occaſionally Trim.
Be all, and nothing, and yet can
Act Saint, or Devil, or a Man,
Like *Judas*, who his Lord betray'd,
Yet was a Prieſt, in Maſquerade.
In ſhort, it is a conciſe Draft
Of Hell, the Devil, and his Craft.

But that's not all that's by it meant,
But chiefly, that we may prevent
The black deſigns of Hell, and ſome,
That would not have Chriſt's Kingdom come.
Nor his Vice-gerent rule below,
As he does all above, we know.
No King but Jeſus ſome, doth cry,
Like thoſe that did him Crucify.
So do we all, when we Combine
Againſt his Church and Laws Divine.
But, to conclude, I briefly ſhall
Declare what Chriſt ſaid to us all,
By way of caution, that none might
Impoſe upon us Wrong for Right,
Or for a Saint the Serpent take,
Then *Watch*, ſaid he, and keep awake,
Leſt by his craft, as heretofore,
He doth beguile us all once more.
Adam, ye know, loſt Paradiſe,
Then let us take our Lord's advice.
Beware, ſays he, and have a care
Of Wolves, tho' they Sheep-cloathing wear,
Their Works will ſhew who ſuch Men be,
As by the Fruit ye know a Tree.
A Tree that is corrupt can't bear
Good Fruit, then, as above, Beware.
So ſaid our Lord, to let us know,
That Grapes on Thorns will never grow:
Nor do Men gather any Figs
On Thiſtles, that's for you C—h-Whigs.
To whom I do my ſelf Addreſs,
And pray you'd ask your Friend *B. S.*
Whether we ought to be afraid,
Or matter what our *Saviour* ſaid,
By way of caution, as above,
Which doubtleſs was in pure love
Unto his Flock, that they might Guard
Themſelves againſt the Wolviſh Herd.
Perhaps he'll ſay there's now no need,
Becauſe in Holy Writ we read
The Lamb ſhall with the Lyon feed.
That Wolves, and Bears, and Leopards they,
No more upon the Sheep ſhall prey,
But all, as Friends, together play.
My Anſwer is till that day come,
I think it wiſe and ſafe for ſome
To guard againſt the worſt, leſt they
Do never live to ſee that day;
Tho' for it, we ought all to pray.
And do the beſt we can to keep
The Wolves from preying on the Sheep;
For ſhould they get into the Fold,
Our *Saviour* has already told
What havock, and what Bloody work,
They'd make amongſt his harmleſs Flock,
That he foreſaw, and we have ſeen
What Wolves did do, and may again.
Their Leader, when he is perplext,
Has always for his turn a Text.
He'll quote you Law and Goſpel to
For what he'd have his Servants do.

And to the purpoſe too, as much,
As ſome do now to ſerve the Church,
I mean themſelves, for that is all
They mean, by an Occaſional
Conformity, which is Abhor'd
By all good Proteſtants abroad;
And all at home, but ſuch as will
Do any thing their Bags to fill.

Lie and Diſſemble, more or leſs,
With God, and Man, this I confeſs,
Is juſt like him, who ſets 'em on
To do his Work, and when 'tis done,
He will 'em all they'r Wages pay
At, or before, the Rec'ning day,
And that is all I am to ſay.

FINIS.